

LOUISVILLE JOURNAL
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Gov. Brown, of Georgia, delivered to the Legislature of that State, in which he arraigned the whole conduct of the Confederate civil Administration and the operations of the rebel armies in terms intensely severe. The Governor charges the present hopeless condition of the rebel Government to the obduracy and weakness of the Southern people, but, with courageous and determined to stand, suspending rule. No more graphic description could be given of the existing state of the Confederacy than is furnished in this closing paragraph of Gov. Brown's message:

The night is dark, the tempest howls; the ship is lashed with turbulent waters, the helmsman is steering to the whirling tempest, and the crew are shouting, "We must restrain him, or the ship and crew must sink together and be buried in irretrievable ruin."

To appreciate the dependency of the rebel leaders as disclosed by the extract above, it is important to recall some of their greatest expectations which first allure them to the perfidious scheme of rebellion. When the secession cause was in its infancy, the Southern people were led to believe that there would be no war, but red-handed war has emitted all their borders with confusion. Confident in their native military prowess and the decisive influence their confederate wealth would exert, they revelled in dreams of peace, abundance, and unquestioned national eminence; but they invoked upon themselves the most dreadful conflict, marked, as it is, by famine, pestilence, widowhood, and orphanage, while, instead of the splendid independence promised them, they have what Governor Brown calls an irresponsible despotism hastening into surely. In 1861 Davis, Yancey, and Toombs proclaimed that the essential importance of cotton to England and France would speedily secure from them the recognition of the Confederacy, and, under the seductive policy of direct free trade, it was expected that the quays of Charleston and New Orleans would be filled with the cotton of the world, while the cities of New York and London would have come into commercial dependency. The experience, however, of the last four years has demonstrated that retail cotton is not the only cotton in the world; the very blockade which it up within the confines of treason has forced it, minute elsewhere, and now covers unoccupied fields of India are still the New England product. England and France, prompted by the unending count of cotton, have wailed and will continue to wail the Southern resources. New York and Boston appear to have acquired additional epithets from the gloom of war, while Charleston and New Orleans now humbly acknowledge the supremacy of our weapons. That all Alexander H. Stephens predicted four years ago has followed the mad ambition of rebellion, and can only result in and only result in the Southern States. It is hard to imagine a people so as deserts of land that lead to the inevitable complications of war. It is far easier to tear down a governmental structure than to build again its shattered remains. It is easier for a launch a vessel with the promise of a calm and steady voyage than to turn her course with skill and wisdom when the raging storm threatens speedily to engulf her. War's complications now impair the rebel statesmen; an unexpected storm will be the vessel of State; and, looking despairing in the face, Governor Brown exclaims. The night is dark, the tempest howls, the helmsman is steering to the whirlpool, our resources are exhausted, and we must restrain him or the ship and crew must sink together, and be buried in irretrievable ruin.

For a number of years we have thought only of the will of the High Jinks that now Adams, General of the United States, now

Admiral General of the United States, we have

met a general at Paducah.

We met this master the other day, and we would

call him a general at Paducah.

General Paine's case

now before a examining court several months ago. A very large number of sworn witnesses

testified. The court, after the examination

of the evidence, found

the General

had been

discharged.

General Paine's case

now before a general

at Paducah.

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General Paine's case

[For the Sunday Journal.]

TO ANNIE CARE COLE.

Fair-faced girl, so gentle-bred,
The pale disease so cruelly wrought
Is slender as a slender lily stem,
And wistless imagery thoughts
Are wistless to my lonely soul.

Lily Ann, I love you, fair,

And make my life unfaded days.

With strange and subtle influence rare.

They nearly touch each silent soul,

Which shudd'ring, he heeded hours were gone.

With penance, truth, and purity,

To work the wretched, ladies aims

Of mankind's heaven-awed creatures.

And a new existence nobler, higher,

They thrill my heart's faint cold.

With aspiration, proudly clear,

To work the wretched, ladies aims

Of mankind's heaven-awed creatures.

And a new existence nobler, higher,

To stir my soul and strike to life.

To wrestle, conquer souls, and do.

But, oh, the wily-writhing notes,

Like sobbings of a widow'd dove—

The trembling, faltering of thy hymn—

The saddest, sweetest notes!

Which waves through each pale veins,

Dash shivered over my 'wildered' heart.

A strange, foreboding thrill of pain,

The taste of a suddenly hidden grief,

The late, sad draught of the Fate distill,

Are groping through a shadowed life,

With dead affection's haunting cheer—

Has trust in a woman's trust.

Has deeply lived and died!

If thou knewst thy Almighty source,

Whence comes the power that bears to bear;

For which which earthly human heart,

Canst drive the ever-springing spirit there,

Perchance thy pure untold bane,

And ause eyes—We dreamt them blue—

But ah, a dream of roses—no joy—

But ah, a dream of roses—no joy—

Oh, how I long for a home!

The taste of a suddenly hidden grief,

The taste of a suddenly hidden grief,